

1609 / 5766

WORCESTER  
MUSIC MEETING. X

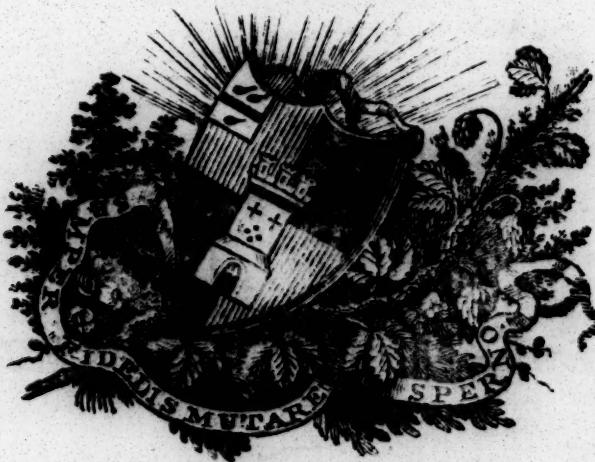
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A  
**Grand**  
**MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,**  
AT THE  
**COLLEGE-HALL.**

ON THURSDAY, Oct. 2,

1800.

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[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

1609 / 5766.





GRAND  
MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

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ACT I.

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OVERTURE IN ARIADNE.—*Handel.*



SCENA,—MR. NIELD.  
*Andreozzi.*

RECITATIVO.

**I**N mezzo all armi so che invito  
Sprezzando stragi, periglio, e morte,  
Io ti vedrei valoroso pugnar ;  
Tornar dal campo  
Vincitor de nemici : ed or t'arresta  
Or spaventa quel core,  
Breve follia, vano poter d'amore ?  
Ah ! ritorno in te stesso,  
Segui il camin ch' ora il destin t'adita,  
**E** de grandi avi tuoi l'esempio imita.

[A 2]

## ARIA.

Ah! quel anima che sdegna ;  
 Paventar orror di morte,  
 Or d' amor fra le ritorte,  
 Non trattenga un vil timor.  
 Dolce amico in tal momento,  
 Cela il duolo, il pianta affrena,  
 Ho pietà della sua pena,  
 Compatite il suo dolor.

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## SONG,—MISS TENNANT.

*Bach.*

CARA sposa amata figlia  
 Non temete in tal momento  
 Pien di spè meal granci mento  
 Vo di Roma à Trion far.

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## CONCERTO, BASSOON.

*Holmes*

## DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

*(Harmonized by SIG. RAUZINNI.)**MASTER ELLIOTT.*

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,  
 And rifle all the breathing spring.



## 5

3 *Voc.* No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.

## MASTER ELLIOTT.

The red-breast oft' at ev'ning hours  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
 With hoary mofs and gather'd flowers,  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid,

3 *Voc.* Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
 For thee the tear be duly shed ;  
 Belov'd 'till life can charm no more,  
 And mourn'd 'till Pity's self be dead.

## SOLO, VIOLIN.

## ARIA,—MADAME MARA.

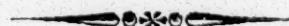
*Giordaniello.*

TU l'alma mia non vedi  
 Tu non mi leggi il core  
 Barbara, tu mi credi  
 Ne' intende il mio penar.

[B]

6

In qual cimento io sono  
Che fiero caso è il mio  
Tacer non posso oh Dio  
Non posso oh Dio parlar.



CONCERTO, CLARIONET.

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*END OF THE FIRST ACT.*

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AIR, MR. NIELD, AND CHORUS.

*Purcell.*

COME, if you dare,  
Our trumpets sound :  
Come, if you dare,  
The foes rebound.  
We come, we come,  
Says the double beat  
Of the thund'ring drum.

Now they charge on amain :  
Now they rally again ;  
The gods from above  
The mad labour behold ;  
And pity mankind,  
That will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons  
Quit their ground :  
Their trumpets languish  
In the sound.  
They fly ! they fly !  
Victoria !  
The bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,  
To the plunder we run :  
Then return to our lasses,  
Like fortunate traders,  
Triumphant with spoils  
Of the vanquish'd invaders.

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## ACT II.

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### FIFTH GRAND CONCERTO.—*Handel.*

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AIR, (*SOLomon*,)—MASTER ELLIOT.

**W**HAT though I trace each herb and flow'r  
That drinks the morning dew,  
Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r,  
How vain were all I knew !

CONCERTO, OBOE.

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SONG,—MR. BARTLEMAN.

INDIAN QUEEN.—PURCELL.

**ARISE !** ye subterraneous winds,  
More to distract their guilty minds :  
Come drive these wretches to that part o' th' Isle  
Where nature never, never yet did smile ;  
Cause fogs and damps, whirlwinds and earthquakes there,  
There let them howl and languish in despair : }  
Rise, and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' air ! }

## PRIZE GLEE.

*Wm. Knyvett.*

THREE VOICES.

WHEN the fair rose, amidst her flow'ry train,  
 With virgin blushes greets the dewy morn,  
 Say, will th' enamour'd nightingale remain  
 A lonely warbler on the desert thorn ?

When the dark genii of the night  
 Behold the moon flow rising o'er the wave,  
 Those wayward spirits curse the beauteous light,  
 And hide with envy in her gloomy cave.

Yet shall the trav'ller with enraptur'd eye,  
 As late he treads his solitary way,  
 O'erlook each radiant gem that decks the sky,  
 Alone rejoicing in her brighter ray.

## SCENA,—MADAME MARA.

*Anfossi.*

RECITATIVO.

ALL' Amor mio quest atto illustre,  
 Io deggio ed alla gloria mia ;  
 Roma in trionfo non mi vedra :  
 De ceppi altrui la scorno,  
 Ufa non fono à tollerar.  
 Arface non ti smarrir nel mio destino,  
 Inspiri constanza a te l'esempio mio,  
 S'ivo vissi in liberta fin, ora  
 In liberta voglio morire ancora.

## 9

## RONDO.

NON temer fra pochi istanti,  
 Idol mio faro con te,  
 Portero, fra l' ombre amanti,  
 Il candor della mia fe.  
 Godi pur tiranno, io moro,  
 Ma disprezzo i fdegni tuoi,  
 Piu m'affanna, O mio tesoro,  
 Di mia morte il tuo martir.  
 Ah! finisca con la vita,  
 Si penoso accerbo stato  
 Un oggetto sventurato,  
 Sol la calma ha nel morir.

## SOLO, VIOLONCELLO.

*By him self*

## MADRIGAL, FOR FIVE VOICES.

MISS TENNANT, MASTER ELLIOTT, MESSRS. NIELD, KNYVETT, & BARTLEMAN.

FLORA gave me fairest flowers,  
 None so fair in Flora's treasure :  
 These I plac'd in Phillis' bowers,  
 She was pleas'd,—and she's my pleasure.  
 Smiling meadows seem to say—  
 ' Come, ye wantons, here to play.'

## FROM HANDEL's ODE TO SAINT CECILIA.

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RECITATIVE ACCCOMPANIED,—MADAME MARA.

BUT bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high'r :  
When to the organ vocal breath was giv'n,  
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,  
Mistaking earth for heaven.

## AIR AND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move,  
And fung the great Creator's praise  
To all the blest above ;  
So when the last and dreadful hour  
The crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And music shall untune the sky.

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**GRAND FINALE.**

HARMONIZED BY SIR WILLIAM PARSONS, MUS. D.

COMPOSER TO  
*HIS MAJESTY.**I.*

**GOD** save great George our King,  
 Long live our noble King,  
 God save the King:  
 Send him victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us,  
 God save the King.

*II.*

[STANZAS FROM THE LATE BIRTH-DAY ODE.]

God of our Fathers rise,  
 And through the thund'ring skies,  
 Thy vengeance urge ;  
 In awful justice red,  
 Be thy dread arrows sped,  
 But guard our Monarch's head,  
 God save great George !

*III.*

Still on our Albion smile,  
 Still o'er this favour'd Isle  
 O spread thy wing ;

5/66  
10 items  
EAT

## 12

To make each Blessing sure,  
To make our Fame endure,  
To make our Rights secure,  
God save our King !

IV.

To the loud Trumpet's throat,  
To the shrill Clarion's note,  
Now jocund sing ;  
From every open Foe,  
From every Traitor's blow,  
Virtue defends his brow,  
God guards our King !

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## THE END.

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